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Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Capt. B. T. Wiley went to Kansas City Monday to spend the day on business.

Miss Marie Hale went to Kansas City Friday to spend several days with her cousin, Miss Helen Potter.

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LOCAL BRIEFS

W. D. Rankin went to Independence Tuesday on business.

Ed Aull went to Kansas City Tuesday on business.

Nice Sill went to Lyons County, Kansas, Monday on business.

H. Swartz went to Kansas City Tuesday on business.

Mrs. W. H. Gilbert left Tuesday morning for her home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, after a few days' visit here with relatives.

Mrs. Carrie Sharp of Higginsville spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. F. Lee Wallace.

Mrs. B. V. Slusher left Tuesday morning for Golden City, Missouri, to visit relatives.

Dr. Z. M. Williams went to Kansas City Tuesday on business.

Escapes an Awful Fate.

A thousand tongues could not express the gratitude of Mrs. J. E. Cox of Joliet, Ill., for her wonderful deliverance from an awful fate. "Typhoid pneumonia had left me with a dreadful cough," she writes. "Sometimes I had such awful coughing spells I thought I would die. I could get no help from doctor's treatment or other medicines till I used Dr. King's New Discovery. But I owe my life to this wonderful remedy for I scarcely cough at all now." Quick and safe, its the most reliable of all throat and lung medicines. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Crenshaw & Young.

Raymond Rice returned Tuesday to Pittsburg, Kansas, after a few days' visit with home-folks.

Mrs. Sallie D. Russell went to Kansas City Tuesday for a few days' visit.

The Demons of the Swamp are mosquitos. As they sting they put deadly malaria germs in the blood. Then follow the icy chills and the fires of fever. The appetite flies and the strength fails; also malaria often paves the way for deadly typhoid. But Electric Bitters kill and cast out the malaria germs from the blood; give you a fine appetite and renew your strength. "After long suffering," wrote Wm. Fretwell of Lucama, N. C., "three drove all the malaria from my system, and I've had good health ever since." Best for all stomach, liver and kidney ills. 50 cts. at Crenshaw & Young.

Frank Wilson went to Kansas City Tuesday to purchase a new tent for the use of the Electric theatre this summer. The tent will be water proof and capacious enough to accommodate several hundred.

Rev. Warren P. Clark left Tuesday for Oklahoma City to attend the annual meeting of the Southern Baptist Association.

E. M. Taubman went to Kansas City Monday on business.

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SPEAKING TO MOLLIE

BY CHARLES WISHART

He was undersized and underfed, and the faded suit that flapped distressingly about his reed-like legs and hung in dejected folds from shoulder blades of razor sharpness only served to accentuate the utter dejection of the man. He leaned against a post in front of the Golden Grace saloon, and to Eben Brennan, as the latter paused to contemplate the strange spectacle, it seemed as though the man would fall were he deprived of his support.

"Looking for a man?" asked the stranger hesitatingly when Brennan had concluded his inspection, adding: "I'm looking for a job."

"What range did you ever ride?" "I never worked on a ranch," confessed the stranger. "It was on the stage."

Brennan grinned widely. "A stage cowboy is worse'n a murderer, but the old man told me to bring back a man to work about the house, and if you can stick to a horse long enough to get there, I guess the job is yours if you want it."

The foreman turned abruptly and strode away, and the stranger ran after him.

"My name's McCartney—Aloysius McCartney," he panted, "and thank you very much."

Brennan stared, nodded and continued on his way. He gave no more thought to the new man until it was time to make a start for home. He had almost forgotten the incident until he came over to the store and found a little knot of cowmen gathered about a brilliant figure in the stagiest of cowboy get ups. McCartney looked up appealingly as Brennan entered.

"It is the only thing I've got that will do," he explained, "and I take it that your ranch ain't no Garden of Eden where I can do without clothes. I know it ain't the way you fellows dress, but I'll get some real clothes as soon as I get some money, but I'll have to make this old stage outfit do until then."

"I'm afraid you'll scare the horse," said Brennan, judicially, "but we can try it on him."

To his surprise, the man made a good throw and landed the horse with the Bar B brand, but it took him a longer time to rope and saddle the loaned horse, so they were late in starting. Barbee, the owner, regarded the new arrival with astonishment. "Great heavens! Brennan," he cried, "what circus did you get that from?"

Brennan offered a brief explanation, but McCartney had received his ranch baptism. Half a dozen of the men were within earshot and it was as "Circus" McCartney that he was introduced to his fellows.

There was work in plenty, but "Circus" was not afraid of work, and as he gained in flesh, he lost his air of uncertainty. He had regained his skill as a rider now that he once more had a horse under him, but he did not seek a shift to the range, for Mollie Malloy was at the ranch house and "Circus" was making famous progress with Mollie Malloy.

She was the daughter of the cook, a black-eyed little colleen who queened it over the hearts of the range riders for twenty miles around. Until "Circus" had come, she had diplomatically evinced no preference; though she was more polite to the foreman than to the men, and Brennan had come to regard their engagement as a matter settled except for the formal asking of the question.

He viewed with no pleasure the progress "Circus" made in Mollie's affections, and at last he was moved to protest. He came riding in from the range one afternoon to encounter "Circus" riding out with a message for one of the camps.

"You're a mean, low, sneaking pup," he snarled instead of offering the usual greeting. "I pick you up off the streets a wreck, and you pay me back by trying to steal the girl I'm going to marry."

"Miss Mollie tell you so?" inquired "Circus," politely, though there was a dangerous glint in the Irish eyes. "I don't have to be told," granted Brennan. "I guess I can see with my own eyes what you're up to."

"Put me on the range," suggested "Circus." "I'm not afraid to take chances on you seeing more of her than me. Keep me out after the round-up and I'll take chances on Miss Mollie sticking to me. I'll give you a month to speak first. That's fair, ain't it?"

Brennan nodded. With "Circus" silent for a month he could argue his suit, and with Mrs. Malloy for an ally he counted on winning long before the expiration of the four weeks of grace.

It was near the close of the round-up when "Circus" opportunity came. He and Brennan had ridden after some of the men who had gone to drive the cattle from one of the valleys that broke the side of the hills. Just as they reached the mouth of the gulch a bunch of stampeding cattle burst out of the ravine and headed straight for the two riders. They wheeled their horses, but as they did so Brennan's mount slipped and fell, throwing Brennan heavily against a rock, breaking his leg.

"Circus" had already turned, but now he wheeled his horse again, and leaping from the saddle he caught up the injured man.

"We can't make it," groaned Brennan. "Save yourself, man."

"Lots of time," declared "Circus" cheerfully, though he had to shout to be heard above the thunder of the pounding hoofs. Carefully but with haste he lifted Brennan to the saddle and swung himself into the seat just as the first of the cattle were upon them.

Carefully watching his chances, "Circus" held in his mount when there was a chance to drop back through the bunch of frightened steers and after what seemed an age he was riding among the ruck of the herd. From every direction the men



"I Guess I Can See With My Own Eyes What You Are Up To."

came riding up and presently they were headed for the camp where the foreman was made comfortable in one of the wagons and the injured leg was set by Barbee, who had studied surgery.

As the wagon was about to draw out to take him to the ranch house Brennan called for "Circus."

"I'll tell Mollie that you're coming to ask for something when the round-up is over," he whispered as he clasped "Circus" hand. "You've got the right to speak, lad. She'll be proud of you when she finds out what you've done—and it won't lose none in the telling."

He waved his hand in farewell and "Circus" climbed down from the wagon with a radiant face. As he turned toward his horse, Barbee rode up.

"Who trained your horse for you?" he demanded as "Circus" looked up.

"I trained him myself," was the reply. "I used to do a bit of that work when I was helper to a man who trained horses for the circus."

"Come up to the house after the round-up," he ordered. "I want to start breeding polo ponies and you can have the job as foreman if you want it."

"I want it," assented "Circus" promptly, "and I thank you kindly, sir."

Barbee nodded and rode away, and "Circus" regarded the knot of blue ribbon twined in his hat band.

"It's a foreman I'll be when I'm speaking to you, Mollie, darling," he confided to the ribbon. "And sure the speaking will be a greater job than riding through a bunch of cows. I wish I could just rope ye. I can do that better than I can the talking. Never a bit did I think of all I'd have to tell when I spoke to ye, but a foreman can have his own little shack—and we'll plant shamrocks in the front yard."

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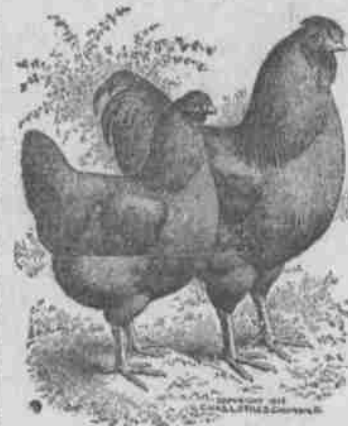
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FRANK HABERKORN.

42411 mo. City Marshal